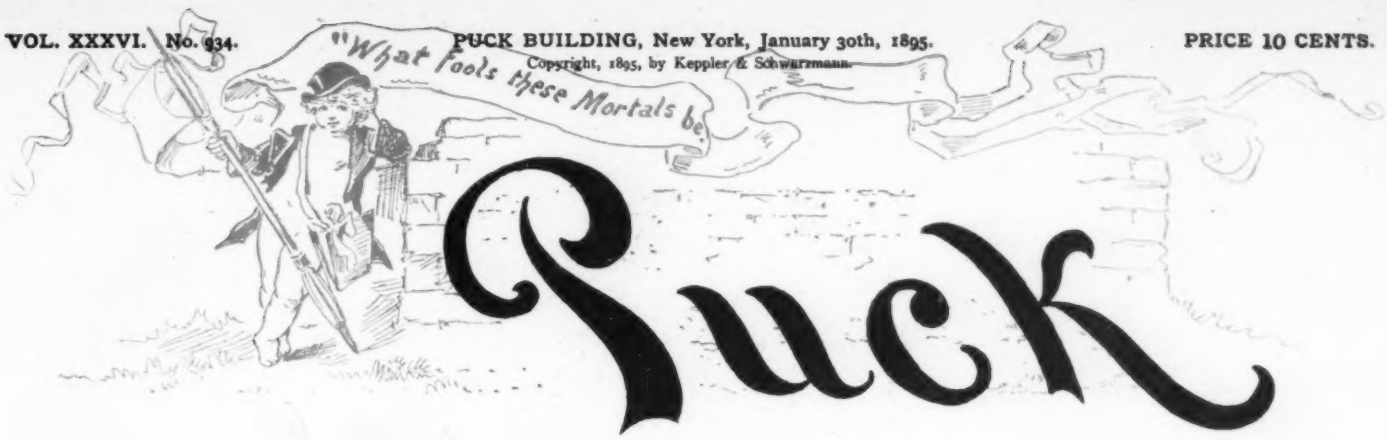
VOL. XXXVI. No. 934. PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 30th, 1895. PRICE 10 CENTS.
Copyright, 1895, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

A CRITICAL SITUATION.

UNCLE SAM.—I 'll have to kill this here GREENBACK Frog; or, by Jingo! he 'll swallow up all my GOLD Fish!

THE CASTE OF VERE DE VERE.

"Here," said the nurse, kindly, "take this hot drink; it will make you sweat, and in the morning you will be all right."

Weak as he was, Cholley Dudeleigh repulsed the proffered draught.

"Sweat? nevah!" he gasped; "that is a distinctive perquisite of the working clawses."

It was only a simple cold, but he let it run into pneumonia rather than abate one jot or tittle of his prejudices.

A PERMANENT SUCCESSOR.

The Indian, with his pipe of peace,
Will soon have passed away;
But Paddy, with his piece of pipe,
Has come, prepared to stay.

SAME THING.

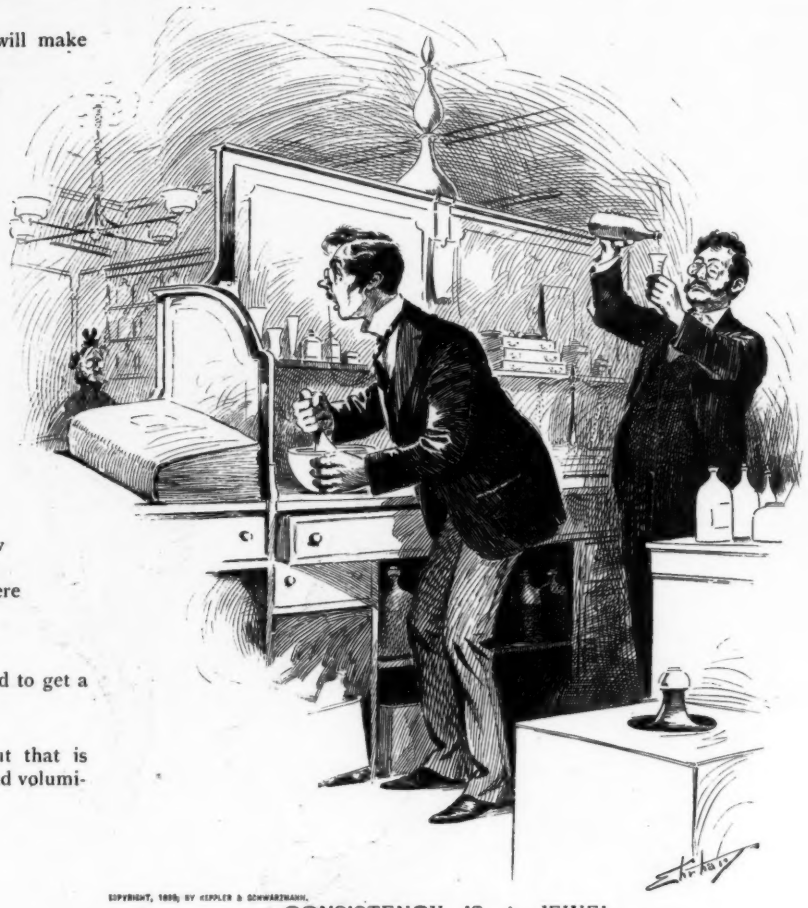
WRIGHT.— The main character of my new play is to be "A Lady with a Past."

READ.— With a past? Why, I thought you were going to call it "A Woman Up to Date."

WRIGHT.— Well?

LOVE SHOWS itself by deeds; but it is often confoundedly hard to get a wife to sign one with you.

"HISTORY REPEATS itself;" but that is because it is getting old and voluminously garrulous.



COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL.

FIRST DRUG CLERK. — Great Scott! I've kept that woman waiting three-quarters of an hour! Forgot all about her prescription.

SECOND DRUG CLERK. — You'll have to charge her a good, stiff price, so that she'll think you had a lot of trouble making it up.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

With ashen lip the executioner hastened into the royal presence.

"Your Majesty," he gasped, "the automatic gallows has broken at the last moment."

The king, who was noted as being a most resourceful monarch, seized a pen and wrote.

"Here!" he said, after a moment, "is an order on the lord high chamberlain for a folding bed. The condemned will never know the difference."

WHAT 'S IN A TITLE?

"Who is that tall, ungainly man, with that little sawed-off fellow?"

"The first is His Grace, Duke of Snooks; the second is His Highness, Prince Dinklestein."

NOT IN IT.

GELTHEIMER. — I don't see vy Cohenstein should be nearly crazed mit grief over Hocheimer's failure; his engagement mit Hocheimer's daughter was broken off a month pefore.

SILVERSTEIN. — Yes; und dot vas vy Cohenstein vas kicking himselluf; it vos he vot broke der engagement.

A "CHIP FROM the old block" sometimes destroys the symmetry of the family tree.

A SWELL TURN-OUT — Round the Corner when his Tailor 's Coming.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

SHAKEN FAITH.

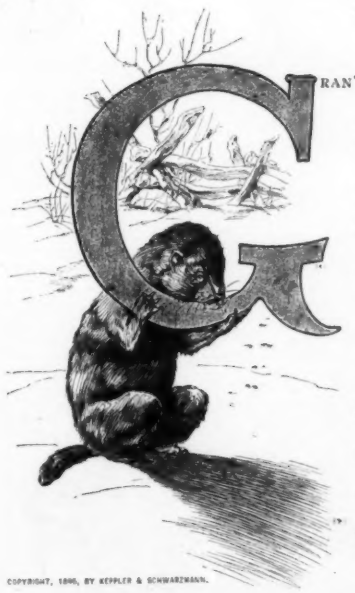
DINAH.— Yo' done gone see dat clahvoyant 'bout losin' yo' pocket-book?

SAM.— She ain't at dat place no moah. Dat clahvoyant am no good, nohow.

DINAH.— Why yo' t'ink she am no good? She done tole Mis' Brown de most wonnerful t'ings 'bout her pas' life.

SAM.— Mebbe she did; but she 's been took up fo' swindlin' a man Out West, an' she did n't know dey wuz a warrant out fo' her till de p'liceman come!

GROUND HOG DAY.



COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

GRAN'PAP ARGIFIES *he did.* He 's shore as shore can be;
I never seed so obstinit ol' feller such as he.
An' Maw an' me we watched out sharp, an' we say thut *he did n't,*
Fer all day long the sun behind a cloudy sky was hiddent.
But Gran'pap argifies his way an' keeps on gitten madder,
An' says fer once the sun kem out, the groun' hawg saw his shadder.

"An' airly Spring," sez Maw an' me, but Gran'pap 's obstinit;
"The groun' hawg saw his shadder, we 'll git more Winter yit."
An' there he sets so confident, an' says "he did, he did,"
Though all the while *we* know the sun behind the clouds was hid.
But, like as not, no signs 'll count, we 'll get more storm an' snow,
While Gran'pap by the chimbley sits an' says, "I told yer so!"

Roy L. McCardell.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

ASSISTANT.— No earthly use in asking the old man for a raise this year. He won't do anything for us.

CASHIER.— Great Scott! We *must* ask him. If we don't he 'll be dead-sure to think we 're helping ourselves.

A LOW, SOFT voice is an excellent thing in a woman who has occasion to disagree with her husband in a flat.

ONE OF the lessons of life which many people never learn is that it is not necessary to make an ass of oneself merely because one has a magnificent opportunity.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

VERY SOOTHING.

YOUNG MOTHER.— Oh, Uncle Crusty! do tell me how to put baby to sleep. I 've tried everything.

UNCLE CRUSTY.— H'm! Have you tried hitting him on the point of the jaw?

WHY MRS. MOBLEY DID N'T EAT RABBITS.

IT WAS just a few days after Christmas, and they were seated one evening on the floor before a rich, warm fire. The baby — a typical one above the average — was running over a new picture-book, while bent over her was the face of the colored "Mammy" peering lovingly through the rims of her glasses.

Presently, the little chubby hand turned a new leaf, revealing a picture that broke the spell that had woven itself into a charm. It was a group of rabbits, perched upon their rear legs, and holding their fore ones toward each other, Uncle Remus-like.

Old Mammy's eyes kindled immediately. "Dar now, Miss Carrie, did n't I tell yer so!" she exclaimed, and her expression fairly burned with triumph; "dat 's why Mis' Mobley (a colored sister) don' eat rabbits," and she held the picture up gloatingly. "She says many times she wuz er cumin' er long de big road, an' she seed rabbits 'er hol'in' hands in a circle-like, an' talkin' low to derseves, an' dancin', an' — fo' de Lawd! heah 's a pictyer ob 'em jes like she sed. I don' blame her! Rabbits too much like folks ter eat 'em!"

And the baby turned another leaf, while a look of ineffable satisfaction stole over the wrinkled face and settled in a smile on her features.

Julien S. Rodgers.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

THE FLAG ALL RIGHT.

POLICEMAN.— Hould on there! Yez can't carry a red flag in a parade.
ENSIGN *(shrewdly)*.— Dis is nod von anarghist flag. Dis is von auction sign.
"Away wid y'r nonsinse! Phwat hov yez got ter sell?"
"Ve vant ter zell our votes."
"Begorry! Yez ar-re better Amerikins than Oi t'ought.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

CLERK.— Here is a letter from that actress. She is willing to give us the testimonial, but she wants us to write her, first, giving definite information about terms.

SUCCESSFUL SOAP MAN.— Terms? — yes. I wonder what we ought to charge her for publishing her name in connection with our soap? It 's a big advertisement for her.

HOME MAY be sacred; but it takes an effort of the imagination to think so when your home happens to be a boarding-house.

A SCHEME THAT DID N'T WORK.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

MRS. DOBSON.—John, on your way downtown order some coal sent up right away. If we don't get it in a few hours we 'll freeze. I'll tie this piece of string on your finger, so you won't forget it.

MR. DOBSON *(drawing on his gloves)*.—By George! These little helps-to-memory are great. I can't help but think of that coal every time I see that string.

"There 's another thing I came near forgetting. I have an engagement over in Jersey City before I go to the office this morning.

(To his partner, on his arrival at office).—What! Twelve o'clock? That fellow in Jersey City kept me waiting the whole morning.

"Good heavens! That coal!"

ON THE ROCKS.

FIRST GOAT.— These rosy tomato-labels are extremely mellow and luscious, are n't they?

SECOND GOAT.— Indeed they are, Theocritus; but one should never judge the can by the label.

A DEFINITION.

"What is kleptomania?"

"Stealing something you don't need."

LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL — The Small Potatos.

ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND — The Colonel.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A MOTIVE POWER UTILIZED.

MRS. KETCHAM.—What are you doing there, boys? Don't disturb your father when he is taking his nap!

THE MONARCH'S JEST.

"No," said Sultan Abdul Aziz; "I shall do no more marrying for a day or two, any way."

"But, my son," argued the queen mother, "you have no time to lose. Your father, the late Muley Hassan, had no fewer than two thousand wives, while you have but a scant hundred."

His serene uppishness shrugged his shoulders.

"I trust," he exclaimed, "you don't expect me to imitate the harem-scare-him existence of him who was my predecessor on this throne."

And the Sultan laughed hoarsely, as was his custom when he thought he was funny.

IN PITTSBURG the pigs are about half-smoked before they are killed.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

UNCAUGHT.

FARMER HARDACRE.—Ain't it awful full in th' back?

MR. MISFITSKI.—Dot vos der latest style, mein frendt. Dot vos a pox goat.

FARMER HARDACRE *(decisively)*.—No, you don't! No, you don't! Take it off! I don't want it! When boarders from th' city comes up to my place, an' I give 'em box eggs and box chickings, they kick like steers; an' when I come to th' city, city people don't palm off no box goods on me, neither!

IN AT THE DEATH.

MRS. HASHLEY.—Oh, we had a dreadful time when I took up the board bill to that young man in the hall room, who owes us for six weeks! He said he might as well die this time; and, seizing his revolver, rushed out in the park to commit suicide.

MR. HASHLEY *(anxiously)*.—Did he do it?

MRS. HASHLEY.—No; he was back in time for supper.

THE SMALL boy with the snowball hard
Now lingereth anear,
And strong men pass the school-house yard
In trembling and in fear.

THE BOYS.—We ain't disturbing him, Mama;—we're only using him to work our wind-mill. Every time he snores he makes it go round bully!

AT THE DANCING-CLASS.

JACK.—Is n't Ethel Briggs's dancing the poetry of motion?

ANGELINA.—Yes;—the advertising poetry of motion!

EFFECT OF CIVIC REFORM.

PLUGWINCH.—We may expect the best results from civic reform, and the election of a better class of officials.

SINNICK.—Humph! It 'll only increase taxation.

PLUGWINCH.—How so?

SINNICK.—Because these new fellows won't sell themselves as cheap as the old lot did.

AT CLAM SHELL BEACH.

TOM.—I can't make out about that girl we met last night. The way she was dressed she might be an heiress.

JACK.—Yes; but she was good-looking enough to be a type-writer.

ON FOURTEENTH STREET.

LILY.—Are n't those hats in the window just poems?

ARLINE.—No, indeed; they sell too well for that.

MRS. SMYTHE.—It almost breaks my heart when my husband gets intoxicated!

MRS. TOMPKINS.—It does n't mine. He always feels so rich that he buys me a new gown; and so ashamed the next day that he buys me another.

MRS. PECK.—There it is—*there!* Can't you *see?* Why, if it was a bear, it would bite you.

HENRY PECK *(gravely)*.—No, my dear; I don't think it would—not in this house. It would be a tame bear.

WHY IS it that a missionary call from Calcutta sounds so much louder than one from Kalamazoo?

CONCERNING DISH-WASHING.

HAS THE READER ever considered how much time is wasted every day by busy women in the work of washing dishes? Of course, if a man has plenty of money and, from philanthropic motives, engages a girl to perform this unpleasant — I had almost said duty — this unpleasing task, I suppose we can not, strictly speaking, regard her time as wasted, for she might else be loafing in an intelligence office without gaining a scrap of that article. I refer to the lives led by weary housewives, who, having no aid from a hired housemaid, day out and day in, will make themselves thin by the never-ceasing and perfectly useless grind of dish-washing; for the dishes don't stay clean for more than a few hours.

For years I ate my meals in selfish content, little recking at what cost the clean service was gained, until I discovered that my sister, who is also my housekeeper, had sold her piano, not having time to play upon it. I was shocked to think what a power this custom of dish-washing had over the minds of the feminine portion of our public.

But this dreadful waste of time that is going on in thousands of homes in this country, every day, was brought home to me in still a more striking manner, not long after. My sister went away to visit a friend and left me to keep bachelor's hall. I had always had a good taste for cooking, although hitherto my practice had been confined to boiling eggs and buttering hot toast on a plate at the back of the stove. The first meal that I prepared, a breakfast, consisted of oatmeal, steak, fried potatos, bread, butter, milk and water. We will pass over the meal itself, as its discussion is foreign to our purpose. Indeed, the less said about it the better. It was nine when I had finished eating and dumped my dishes and knives and forks into tepid water. I am a fast worker, but the clock in the neighboring church had ceased striking twelve when my last dish was wiped and put away.

I had hoped to do a little writing that morning, but it was now time to get luncheon. Luckily that meal called into play very few dishes, and by two, or half-past, I had made an end of my second stint. Feeling elated that I had a whole afternoon on my hands, I prepared a course dinner. I found some cold soup in the refrigerator, and I bought a bluefish, five or six pounds of beef for roasting, some Parker House rolls, and a lemon-pie for dessert. There were lettuce and eggs in the house, and plenty of canned vegetables. I also made some good coffee, with the aid of a French coffee pot, that indispensable adjunct of a well-ordered household. I found that the courses were very hard to manage so that they would follow in their proper order. They were n't even satisfied to finish together like evenly matched racers, but the roast was burned five minutes before I thought of warming up the soup, and ten minutes before I had scaled the fish. Then the latter would n't broil readily until most of it was in the fire. The vegetables I forgot entirely, and I decided at the last moment to deny myself the salad, as dinner was waiting and I was hungry. I might add that I inadvertently cut the pie with the fish knife, and that cast a damper on the dessert. However, as I said, the coffee was good — and, anyhow, I am digressing.

It was seven when I emptied my dishes into the water, and I worked with a will, as I had a very exciting novel that I was desirous of finishing. It was a few minutes past eleven when I emptied my dishpan for the last time and then I was ripe for bed.

As time wore on I became more dexterous in the use of the dish-cloth and towel, and the day before sister returned, I devoted but six hours to dish-washing. To be sure, I had given up course dinners, because they took too many plates and for other reasons that need not to be quoted here.

As I say, I am a fast worker and yet it took me over six hours a day to clean the crockery. Assuming that a woman can do it in eight hours, she wastes half of her waking moments in drudgery beside which the making of bricks without straw would be a pastime.

There is absolutely nothing in the dish-washing habit to recommend it. It is ruinous to hands and temper; and, indeed, I do not see but that it is immoral. Anything that puts us in the proper mood for swearing is immoral, and there is nothing in the whole housekeeping routine so conducive to highly spiced language as dish-washing.

And to what purpose is this waste of time? I won't go so far as to advocate a return to the fingers that were used before forks, for the purpose of conveying food to the mouth, for that would but relieve us from the washing of cutlery, but I will say that the man who will invent a cheap yet very ornate dinner service that may be destroyed after once using, will have earned the undying gratitude of the women of this country and a princely fortune besides.

And when he has invented it, sister may go on another visit.

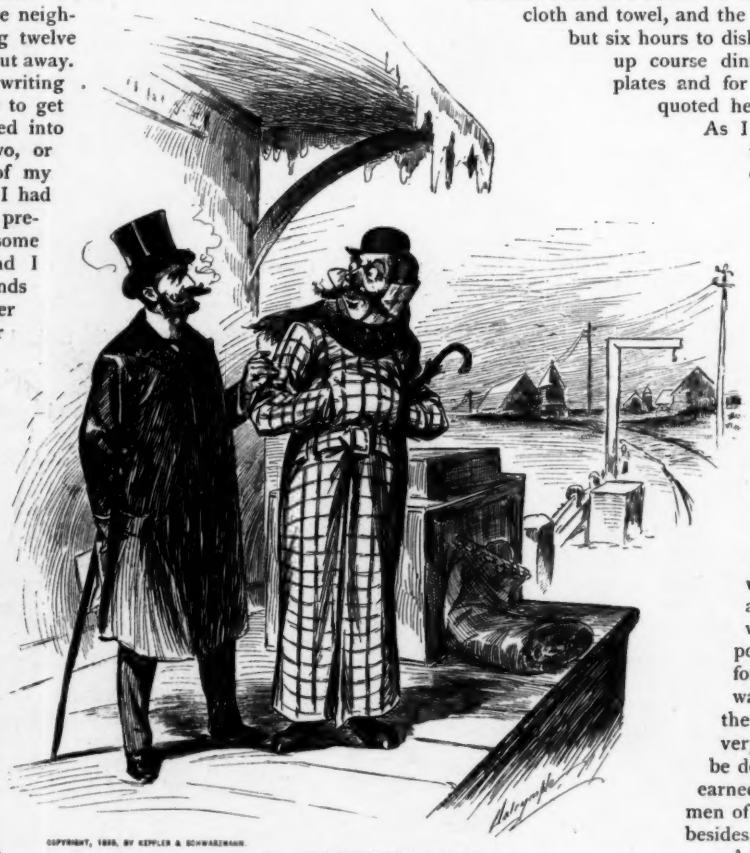
Charles Battell Loomis.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

SHOWED SHE WAS WILLING.

KITTY.— How do you know she would have accepted you if you had proposed to her then?

TOM.— Easy enough! Did n't she accept Jack Ferris the very next night?



COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

CITY CONVENIENCES.

BROWN.— Plenty of gossip out here in Lonelyville, I suppose?

JONES.— Gossip? We know as much about one another as if we all lived in the same city flat and got our tips through the air-shaft!

NEVER LOOK a gift horse in the mouth — see if its tail is banged.

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK *is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.*

Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 30th, 1895.—No. 934.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Most of the articles and illustrations in PUCK *are copyrighted in the United States and Great Britain. All persons are cautioned against using any of them without permission.*

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A FAIR CHANCE FOR REAL REFORM.

IT WILL be a serious, and we greatly fear, a lasting injury to the City of New York if Mayor Strong is impeded in his efforts toward municipal reform by any question of money supply. There should be no such question. The new Mayor has unquestionably been elected to bring about a new order of things, and he should have all fair means and facilities for doing what he has been chosen to do. He is the first Mayor elected upon a reform ticket who has come into his office with a reasonable opportunity of carrying out his plans by the co-operation of subordinates of his own choice. Mayor Hewitt was hopelessly hampered in this respect. With the best of intentions, he had no power to execute his schemes of reform. Encompassed on every side by Tammany officials and Tammany's friends, he was as a voice crying — or, rather, writing letters — in the wilderness. He might see the right, but he could not, of his own endeavor, attain to it. Mayor Strong's case is fortunately very different. He has everything with him: the appointment of the men who are to manage our municipal affairs, and the co-operation of a Governor and a strong legislative majority of his own political faith.

* * *

Nobody doubts Mayor Strong's good will in the matter of municipal reform; and his initial course has been such as to command general respect and consideration. There is but one direction in which he may have to fear embarrassment in his important work; in the direction, namely, of selfish, local legislation at Albany. There is no doubt whatever that the interests of New York City have suffered as much at the hands of her neighbors as they have from the misgovernment of her own officials. For many years the City of New York has been forced to pay into the exchequer of the State an amount of taxes totally disproportionate to the benefit which she receives from their ultimate distribution. In plain words, she pays far more than her share of the expenses of the State, and she has had to suffer in consequence. Moreover, she has been made the victim of a lot of vexatious and mischievous legislation invented by demagogues for the most unworthy purposes. It is a notorious fact that the appropriations for cleaning the streets of New York have never been even decently adequate. When we add to this that a most absurd law of recent enactment forbids the employment of any but American citizens at this work, and consider the difficulty of finding able-bodied American citizens who will consent to undertake this low grade of labor — hard, unremunerative, and without promise of future preferment — we can understand how the best Commissioner of Street Cleaning our reform Mayor may appoint comes to his work heavily handicapped, and so circumstanced that however faithful and competent he may be, he may find it impossible to do himself justice.

* * *

As usual, the greatest handicap that municipal reform labors under is Mr. T. C. Platt, New York's worst and bitterest enemy. If the Republican party expects to retain the confidence of the people of New York, it must rid itself of a man whose pernicious activity not only works great harm to the community, but utterly discredits the political party that makes itself responsible for him. Mr. Platt is doing to-day what those who have known his character have expected of him from the beginning of the present reform movement; but they did not expect the Republican party to submit so readily to his dictation. Perhaps no great things were expected of Governor Morton. He has always been a politician,—a mere figurehead of the party ship. If he sought the good in politics it was because his party was seeking the good. He would no less willingly lend the cloak of his respectability to cover a lower morality if such happened to be the policy of the party. From Mayor Strong we look for better things. At no time hitherto has a reform mayor been so well able to lead the fight of the people—Republican and Democrat alike—against this odious tyranny. But if the leadership of the party is to be simply the leadership of T. C. Platt, the Mayor's hands are tied. It is the duty of decent Republicans to see that Mr. Platt is promptly and firmly repudiated. The most indurated Republican must understand by this time that Mr. Platt is neither a Republican nor a Democrat, but a mere conscienceless trader in spoils. The case against him is so clear to every reasoning man that if Mayor Strong chooses to put forth his best efforts, he can have a backing such as no man in his position ever had before. If he secures from Albany the legislation that he has demanded in the name of the people, he will do more for the City of New York than any one man has ever done, and he will also do the Republican party the great benefit of relieving it of a disgraceful incumbrance.

* * *

Now is the time, in fact, to atone for years of injustice to the City of New York. A mass of vicious special legislation which has too long injuriously affected her interests, should be wiped utterly from the statute books. Let us take, for instance — a trifling one, perhaps, but none the less significant — the law requiring that all stone used in public works in the City of New York should be dressed within the city limits. This is demagogue law with a vengeance. It does not require a profound knowledge of the subject to see that any given kind of stone is likely to be better dressed in the region where it is quarried, by people familiar with the handling of it, than in a distant city where it is unlikely to meet with workmen specially trained to make the most of it. And this is only one of scores of evil specimens of special legislation which exist, and by their existence hinder the work of reform in New York. If this work is to be carried out in its fullness and completeness, it is necessary that the Legislature of the State should coöperate heartily and unselfishly with the new city government; put an end to all frivolous legislation effected for petty personal ends, and divert to the urgent needs of New York some portion of the vast amount of money that has so long been raised in that city only to be unstintingly turned into channels from which she derives no benefit. However matters may have stood in the past, to-day the State has no excuse if it does not back up the great city bravely, generously and loyally.

THE TIME.

GOTHAM.—Do you mean to tell me that a week went by during which your deadly Brooklyn trolley cars neither killed nor maimed any one?

PROSPECT HITES *(sadly)*.—Yes; during the strike.

WHEN SNOW 'S PILED HIGH.

"Did you ever in the country see 'em praying for rain in Summer?"

"No; but I 've seen 'em do it in the city in Winter."

"Who?"

"The Street Cleaning Department."

A HARD ONE.

He keeps each resolution,
  But the one that makes him strive
Is to date his recent letters
  In 1895.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

THE POLITICAL BOSS BURGLAR.

LITTLE REFORM ELEMENT *(beseechingly)*.—Oh! *Please*, Mr. Burglar, don't take everything!

(With Apologies to Frances Hodgson Burnett.)

THE POLITICAL LADY WITH THE BIG HAT — She obscures the view of every one near her.

THE AMUSING POLITICAL HAYSEED — His intellect is very ordinary; but his whiskers are the wonder of the country.

THE VOLUBLE POLITICAL MOTHER-IN-LAW — When she gets to scolding there is no stopping her.

COPYRIGHT. 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. N.Y.

OLD JOKES IN NEW POLITICAL CLOTHES.

THE POLITICAL SUBURBAN RESIDENT — Overwhelmed by the bundles he has loaded himself with.

THE NATIONAL POLITICAL BROOKLYNITE — He is fated to push his big silly baby around as long as he has any strength left.

THE OBSTREPEROUS COOK — It will be a fortunate day when we see the last of her.

FALSE HOPES.

MAN IN THE CHAIR. — Give me a shave and a close hair-cut.

THE "NEXT" MAN. — By Jingo! that 's fortunate. It 'll not take long to polish that fellow off, and I can catch that last boat, sure.

MAN IN CHAIR *(recollecting himself)*. — Good heavens! I 'm getting more and more absent-minded every day. Here I 've come out of my dressing-room without taking off this false beard and this bald-head wig!

FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

The slight unpleasantness which marred the last session of the Literary Society originated in the offering of the following topic by Mr. J. S. Kinsabby as the subject for the next debate: "*Resolved*, That a preacher can eat more chicken than a coyote." As the Reverend Mr. Harps had dined at the house of Mr. Kinsabby on the previous Sabbath, upon which occasion fried chicken of the yellow-legged variety had figured prominently on the festal board, the reverend gentleman quite naturally thought that the speaker was hinting at him, and said as much in a few well-chosen words. Mr. Kinsabby replied with biting sarcasm that he had meant nobody in particular; but if there were any carpet-bagging preachers in the room whom the cap fitted they were welcome to don it. Thereupon, the clergyman retorted that while he was a meek and lowly follower of his Divine Master he was emphatically no rabbit, and if there was a one-eyed apostate within the sound of his voice who had not yet paid for the performance of the marriage ceremony which bound him to his present wife, and who desired to take these remarks unto himself, he — the Reverend Mr. Harps — would take pleasure in demonstrating his ability to castigate him — the said one-eyed apostate — on less ground than he stood on. As Mr. Kinsabby rejoices in but a single eye and knew himself to be indebted to the divine as just intimated, he became genuinely angry. Serious complications might have arisen had not Alkali Ike and Hank Bitters been keenly alive to the duties of the position to which they were recently appointed, and kept the disputants apart. Aside from this little episode, nothing occurrred to detract from the pleasure of the evening, and all present felt that it was indeed good to be there.

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.

Mr. Decker had been entertaining a party of his friends in the parlor and the aroma of their perfectos still lingered in the curtains. Mrs. Decker was properly disgusted as she came into the room. She threw the windows wide open and remarked:

"Well, it 's all very well to talk about this new smokeless powder, but I don't see why somebody has n't had gumption enough to invent a smokeless tobacco."

A RESOLUTION IS easier to pass than to keep.

ADVERTISING IS the root of all money.

THE ONLY way a man can avoid making mistakes is to do nothing.

IN MANY a poem the only poetic quality is the poetic license.

THE DEFECTS in a mirror are soon discovered by a woman.

CHARITY, by last will and testament, is the cheapest kind of the article.

HARD LUCK is often the result of efforts to secure a soft snap.

DR. BACILLUS. — Kissing is dangerous.

N. TRAPT. — Yes; — it leads to matrimony.

REFORMED.

BERTIE DE SAP. — You are the only girl I ever loved, and I can never love another.
MISS DE STYLE. — I congratulate you on shaking off a troublesome habit so easily.

OPTICAL INFLUENCE.

HER EYES are dewy violets —
Twin violets of grace,
That give the gracious air of Spring
Unto her dimpled face.

And when on me they tenderly
With coy affection glow,
I only know it 's Winter-time
By looking on the snow.

R. K. Munkittrick.

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

HE WAS a soft, pleasant-spoken man, and he said, himself, that he made it a point never to say anything disagreeable to any one. He had been trying for several minutes to pass a man who was sauntering along, holding his cane at right angles to his arm and swinging that arm, but every time he thought he saw his way clear he had to drop back again to keep from getting prodded with the cane. Finally he got near enough to touch the man with the cane on the shoulder.

"Pray pardon me," he said, politely raising his hat, "but I am quite a crank on the subject of meeting distinguished strangers. I have been following you for a block — for obvious reasons I had to follow you;" and he glanced at the cane — "and I am sure I can not be mistaken."

"Sir!"

"Pray, don't be offended. It 's merely a little hobby of mine. Doubtless you are a distinguished Englishman; one of the peerage, perhaps."

"I was born and raised in this country, sir," said the stranger coldly.

"Dear, dear! is that so?" exclaimed the courteous man, in evident surprise. "Can it be that I am addressing a senator or a leading literary light?"

"No, sir; you are not. I am not a particularly distinguished man in any line that I know of."

"Really? Then of course you must have taken out a license. Pardon my error."

"License!" roared the stranger, getting excited. "Why you inspired idiot, what are you talking about? Of course I have n't taken out a license! Why should I?"

"My dear sir, do be reasonable," protested the pleasant-spoken man. "I spoke with the best intentions in the world, I assure you; but possibly you don't live in the city and have n't heard of the ordinance. You see, owing to the crowded condition of the city, only distinguished strangers and men who have paid fifty dollars for a license tag are allowed to carry canes in such a way as to occupy the space of three or four men on the sidewalk. Just a pointer, you know, that may be of service to you."

The pleasant-spoken man was gone so quickly that when the stranger swung his cane it struck an able-bodied workman instead of the man the blow was intended for. And the able-bodied workman laid the stranger down on the stone pavement and rolled him over and pounded him until a policeman interfered, while the pleasant-spoken man looked on from a safe distance and murmured: "Dear, dear! now is n't it strange that a man should get mad at a courteous little remark like that? I can't understand it at all." But he chuckled, just the same.

Elliott Flower.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PREPARING HIMSELF.

WANDERER.— Lady, will you please give me a dose of nerve tonic?

MRS. HOMESPUN *(surprised)*.— Nerve tonic! What do you want nerve tonic for?

WANDERER.—Why, I want to brace you fer a good square meal, with pie!

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

INDEFINITE.

MOTHER *(who is entertaining rich* UNCLE*)*.— Uncle Tom, there is something on your chin.
BOBBY.— Tell him which one, Mother.

"WOMEN ARE cold-hearted in this generation."

"Well, just look at the dresses they wear!"

WISE MEN profit by their mistakes, and use the profit as capital in a different line of business.

IT TOOK the Swinburne of Illinois to rhyme "mature" with "nature", and "Scandinavian" with "Bavarian" in the same poem.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

CALIFORNIA

Everybody Goes With Phillips,

And his fourteen years of experience in handling California Excursions is a guarantee that the Phillips-Rock Island Excursions are the best.

Tourist Cars, with upholstered seats, running on fast trains, under the personal guidance of a Phillips manager. Insure a quick and pleasant trip. Sleeping Car rate to California points from Boston $8.00, from Chicago $6.00.

Car leaves Boston Tuesdays and Chicago Thursdays, via Scenic Route (D. & R. G.), the only line through Salt Lake to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

For rates, berth reservations or information, address

A. Phillips & Co., 296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
A. Phillips & Co., 15 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.
A. Phillips & Co., 239 Broadway, N. Y. City, N. Y.
A. Phillips & Co., 111 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Phillips & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,
G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good HEARing than all other devices combined. Whispers heard. Help ears as glasses to eyes. F. Hiscox, 858 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Ladies' and Children's
Furnishing Department.

French and Domestic Lingerie, Silk Skirts, Silk Waists, Lace and Embroidered Trousseaux.

The Celebrated
PARAME CORSET.

Children's Coats, Ulsters, Muffs and Furs.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

"QUITE THE THING." IT IS GOOD FORM TO RIDE A Rambler BICYCLE.
"STYLISH." "EASY RUNNING." "HIGHEST GRADE MADE."
CATALOGUE FOR TWO 2 CENT STAMPS, OR FREE AT RAMBLER AGENCIES
GORMULLY AND JEFFERY MFG. CO.
CHICAGO. BOSTON. WASHINGTON. NEW YORK. BROOKLYN. DETROIT.

WANTED A CHANGE.

MR. WEARIE. — Have you any magazines published in Kamschatka or the South Sea Islands?

NEWSMAN. — N-o. Won't you have one of the American or European magazines?

MR. WEARIE. — Thanks; no. I am getting a little tired of Napoleon Bonaparte. *New York Weekly.*

HONEST PRIDE.

JOHN'S WIFE.—John, I wish you 'd saw some wood for the house.

JOHN.—I wish you would n't ask me to do such work, Maria; sawing wood 's a thing that even the commonest tramp refuses to stoop to, and you know it.—*South Boston News.*

Turn it upside down:

It won't hurt it.

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.

Drinkers of Evans' India Pale Ale know that and **do not hesitate to drain the bottle**

When two years old it is properly bottled by experts and will keep in any climate.

There is no other Ale *"just as good as Evans'."*

C. H. Evans & Sons,
BREWERS AND BOTTLERS,
Hudson, N. Y.

PLENTY OF THEM THERE.

SPENCER. — Show me a man who likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence!

FERGUSON. — All right! Come along with me to Sing Sing. —*Truth.*

CONCERNING RESOLUTIONS.

HE.—I made a lot of good resolutions last year.

SHE.—Not at all! They were all bad.

HE.—How do you make that out?

SHE.—They would n't keep. — *Detroit Free Press.*

"FIGG is always setting a trap for his wife."

"Jealousy, is it?"

"Nope; mice." — *Inter Ocean.*

SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDERS

Made for **Health. Comfort. Durability.** and perfect freedom to every motion of the body! No dragging on the shoulders! Trousers always kept in shape. Easy in action! Preventing all strain on the buttons when sitting or stooping.

On sale by all first-class dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. to $2.00, post-paid. State height and weight.

SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO. (Lim.), BUFFALO, N. Y.

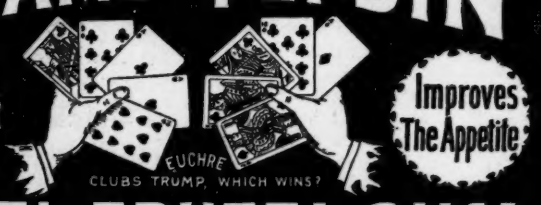
You Want a Dress Suit. Tuxedo or Full Dress, or both. We make them to order from the newest materials. Silk or Satin lined, from $30.00.

Samples on application.

771 Broadway, N. W. Cor. 9th Street. **Nicoll** The Tailor 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

ADAMS' PEPSIN

Aids Digestion



Improves The Appetite

TUTTI-FRUTTI GUM

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

A GREAT TRUTH.

MRS. FINNIGAN. — Luk out av the winder, Dinnis, an' see Pat O'Callihan. What fer would the loikes av him be wearin' a foine new shtove-pipe?

DENNIS (*philosophically*).—Sure, what av it? Hoigh hats don't care who wears 'em!

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very center of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently-equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-Track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the East and West, by the New York Central Lines.

Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati 22, St. Louis 30.

Eleven through trains each day. Practically a train every hour, via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.

LYON & HEALY, 27 Adams Street, Chicago.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 CENTS.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.
"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency"—World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

Bankers, Lawyers, Actors, Doctors,

Clubmen, The Social Queen and Giddy Youth,

Find Bromo-Seltzer

Indispensable for Nervousness, Mental Exhaustion or Brain Fatigue, Headache, Sick Stomach, Sleeplessness.

HER CHOICE.

HAIRDRESSER.—Madam, what color do you wish your hair dyed?

MISS OLDGIRL.— Oh! I am not particular; any color so you "keep it dark." — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

THE KIND HE SMOKED.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his PIPE and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

But first through the hall he gave a loud call,
And bade them to hurriedly bring
His "GOLDEN SCEPTER, the best of them all,
The TOBACCO fit for a king!"

PHOTOGRAPHER. — You have had pictures taken before, I presume?

NELLIE CHICK.—Yes, sir.

"Who took them?"

"That I can't find out. The police are now working on the case."—*Norristown Herald.*

YALE MIXTURE

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

WE COULD NOT IMPROVE THE QUALITY if paid double the price. It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy.

A 2oz TRIAL PACKAGE POST-PAID FOR 25 CTS.

MARBURG BROS
The American Tobacco Co, Succesor
BALTIMORE Md.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS
CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER ELY'S

DOUBTFUL.

He claims to be a Christian,
Yet, for a week or more,
A sidewalk full of hard-packed snow
Has lain before his door.
— *Cincinnati Tribune.*

WINTER TOURS.

In Elegant Pullman Trains with Dining Cars.

4 DAYS TO CALIFORNIA,
5 DAYS TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The SUNSET LIMITED leaves weekly. Secure accommodations and through tickets at No. 343 Broadway, or No. 1 Battery Place (Washington Building). Also through tickets to Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, China, Japan, Australia and Around the World in connection with the Pacific Steamship Co., and the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Co.'s Lines.

For illustrated pamphlets, time-tables and other information, address E. HAWLEY, A. G. T. M., or L. H. NUTTING, E. P. A., No. 343 Broadway, N. Y. City.

IRATE CUSTOMER.—But you promised I should have that coat if you had to work on it all night!

STOLID TAILOR.—But I did n't have to work on it all night.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

IF you are going to buy a trunk, get some baggage master to go with you to pick it out.—*Atchison Globe.*

WANTED. Illustrated Paragraphs for Ads. of our Beer, in fine style. Space 2 x 4½ inches. J. SCHMEDTJE, Adv. Agent Anheuser Busch B. A., St. Louis.

KEEP THE HAT ON.

PAYSON.—I suppose you Bohemians count it home wherever you hang up your hats?
IMPECUNCE.—No; it 's generally where we can hang up our meals.

VINO DE SALUD
(WINE OF HEALTH.)

"I have used *Vino de Salud* and can most heartily recommend it to any requiring a pleasant tonic. I consider it of great value in cases of depleted assimilative power and loss of appetite."

(Letter on file in our office from a well known physician.) A beautifully illustrated booklet about this celebrated Spanish Tonic Wine mailed on application to

ROCHE & CO., Importers, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.

NOTE STYLE OF PACKAGE AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BRISTLES.

SHE.—His picture fairly bristles with life. What school of art does the artist belong to?

HE.—Chicago, I should say from your description.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

RHEUMATISM

Sufferers can send address and receive FREE, a pamphlet which tells what Rheumatism is in all its forms, the cause of the pain attending it, and how to obtain a lasting and inexpensive cure.
F. W. KIMBALL, 3 Union Square N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S.
· EXTRA FINE ·
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
· LADIES ·
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS.
BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,---stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

A GAME LEG — The Quarter of Venison. — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach, and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of the refined drinks of the bar, nothing is superior to BOKER'S BITTERS.
Renowned since 1828.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

A Valuable Volume.

We have received from Lord & Thomas, the well-known Chicago Advertising Agents, a copy of their Pocket Newspaper Directory for '95. It is a handsome Morocco-bound book that will fit in, but not fill one's pocket or the pigeonhole of his desk,—full of terse and authentic information.

This book is as attractive in its advertising pages as it is accurate in its ratings—is an indisputable evidence that Lord & Thomas "know their business."

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE
AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS $ 225,000.
NEW FEATURES. TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
62 & 64 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK

SLEEP & REST

For Skin Tortured

BABIES

And Tired

MOTHERS

In One Application of

Cuticura

The only speedy, permanent, and economical cure for torturing, disfiguring eczema, and every species of itching and burning skin and scalp diseases.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

THE DRUM IN POSITION.

DEAFNESS

and **Head Noises** relieved by using **Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.**

New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. *Write for Pamphlet.*

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Mention PUCK. LOUISVILLE, KY.

None name it but to praise.

Mr. Bunner gives us for holiday reading another volume of "Short Sixes," ten of his short tales from PUCK. They include that famous one for which there has been such a demand, "Cutwater of Seneca."—*N. Y. World.*

They (More "Short Sixes") are capital tales, charmingly humorous, with that touch of pathos in them which gives humor its keenest edge. The volume has a silhouette portrait of the author, and a number of capital illustrations. It is a book to read.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

More "Short Sixes," by H. C. Bunner, is a volume of interesting illustrated sketches, dealing severally with fun, love, adventure and mystery. It is a very entertaining book to pick up for a half-hour's reading.—*Phila., Pa., Call.*

Everybody knows Bunner's "Short Sixes;" there are ten of them in the present volume, and, had there been a hundred, the demand would still exceed the supply. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bunner will give us "Still More 'Short Sixes,'" and "Further 'Short Sixes'" and "Additional 'Short Sixes'" and "Supplementary 'Short Sixes;'" for surely his genius is inexhaustible. As usual, C. J. Taylor is Bunner's artist.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

For Sale by all Booksellers and News dealers.
In cloth $1.00. In paper 50 cents.
By mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.
Address: PUCK, N. Y.

HARD LINES.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN.—I have half a notion to go on a trip through America.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN.—Don't you do it. If you refuse to be interviewed the papers will roast you for your churlishness; and if you tell them what you really think of their blawsted country they 'll score you for ignoring the laws governing a guest.
—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

HER PLAN.

HE.—How does it happen that none of you woman have come forward with a new currency plan?

SHE.—Oh, we already have a perfect one! When we need currency, we just sit down and cry for it.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

CLARA.—Did Mr. Huggins kiss you good night?

CORA.—I 'd just like to have seen him!

"That 's what I thought."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SCIENCE.

"BACTERIOLOGY," said the studious young man, "has shown that kissing is very dangerous."

"Has it?" she rejoined.

"Still, that 's only a theory."

"And what a pity it is," she commented demurely, "that it always takes such a lot of experiment to prove a scientific theory."
—*Washington Star.*

HIS ATTITUDE.

"Looking for work, are you?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, not that bad, Mum!" answered Mr. Everett Wrest. "Jist merely waitin' fer it."
—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

MATRIMONY is the name of a post-office in North Carolina. It must get away with lots of stamps.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN "invention of the enemy" is never patented.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. *Send for pamphlet. Free.*

Scott & Bowne, N.Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

And we might go on to state that

If you all adverse Fate would buck
And ne'er run over at the heels,
Each starry night peruse of PUCK
The PICKINGS.
Just hand a quarter to the duck
Who "Morning papers!" loudly squeals,
And then you 'll quickly get of PUCK
The PICKINGS.

Of all newsdealers. 25c.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St. Chicago.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

A HAVEN.

WEARY WALKER.—Say, de peoples up to dat house is real philanthropists. Dis shelter 'll save me a wet hide, sure!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Marry that young pauper! Why, he can't even afford to buy coal!

DAUGHTER.—But he won't have to buy coal, Pa. We're going to board.—*New York Weekly.*

A BLANK BOOK—The Pocket-book, after the holidays.—*Norristown Herald.*

Use Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

SOME people make a living out of other people's curiosity.—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, not counting the noise.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Londonderry Lithia

PINTS AND QUARTS

opens with a vim_snap_sparkle_bubble.

As effervescent as champagne. EVERYWHERE!

A KNOWING HUSBAND.

"There 's one of them elevators, Eli," said Mrs. Nancy Backtown to her husband, as they sauntered through a big office building.

"I know it wife," responded Eli. "But 't ain't the one we want. That one goes down, an' we want one er them that goes up."
—*South Boston News.*

America makes the finest brand of champagne. *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial.* It is delicious, fruity and pure.

CHANCE FOR INVENTORS.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Me leg 's most broke. I've heard th' Amerykins was a nation av inventors; but, bedad! it don't look loike it.

FRIEND.—Phwy not?

NEW ARRIVAL.—Sure, phwy hov'n't they inventid a coal-hole thot will shtay shut phwin it 's open?
—*New York Weekly.*

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES
Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

THE

German Charity Ball,

Given under the auspices of

"The Bachelor Circle,
German Liederkranz,"
"Jung Arion" and
"Beethoven Bachelors,"

WILL BE HELD AT

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,

Monday Evening, February 25th, 1895.

Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, $5.00.
Extra Ladies' Tickets, $2.00.

For Boxes, apply to Mr. R. C. Kaemmerer, Steck Hall, No. 11 E. 14th St., New York.

The World's Knowledge compressed in one vol.

512 PAGES CONKLIN'S Manual

Thoroughly revised Up to Date. 1,000,000 facts, every imaginable subject, 50 full page col'd maps. Describes every country known to man; every question of Debate; the Civil War and Date of Battles; 1894 Tariff and McKinley Bill compared: *Politics, Religion, Science, Geography, Law,* A wonderful storehouse of knowledge in every department of human effort, carefully arranged for instant reference. Do not be without it. Write for it, at once. Knowledge is man's best weapon.

AGENTS BIG MONEY IN SIGHT. FOR MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS. No experience required. Liberal terms. PRICE, CLOTH 25 CENTS. EMBOSSED GOLD 50 CENTS. Address,
LAIRD & LEE, 265 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

LADIES WHO VALUE

A refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

Tell Your Dealer that:

Puck's Library,
Pickings from Puck,
Puck's Opper Book,
This Funny World,
Puck's Painting Book,
Short Sixes,
MORE Short Sixes, (Just Out.)
The Runaway Browns,
Made in France,
Zigzag Tales.
Puck's Domestic Comedies,
are

NEVER OUT OF PRINT

NEW YORK, JAN. 30, 1895.

Buttermilk Soap is all that a good Soap ought to be; it is clean and pure because it is made of clean and pure materials.

It is the Soap of Soaps.

A million folks use it every day — a million clean witnesses.

If you could see what goes into most soap — verily perfume covers a multitude of impurities — you would use Buttermilk Soap or go soapless.

Buttermilk Soap sells at half high-grade soap prices.

Sold by almost everybody who sells soap.

If you can not buy it in your town, send six 2-cent stamps, and we will send you a full-size cake.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., 185 and 187 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Selfishness often shows a very bad social taste. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Men are either good because they have not been found out, or because they are not married. — *Atchison Globe.*

GOLDEN AGE CHAMPAGNE.

PRODUCED BY THE FRENCH OR NATURAL PROCESS OF FERMENTATION IN BOTTLE. EQUAL IN QUALITY AND CHEAPER THAN IMPORTED. HIGHEST AWARD AT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. If you cannot get it of your dealer, address, HAMMONDSPORT WINE CO. HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

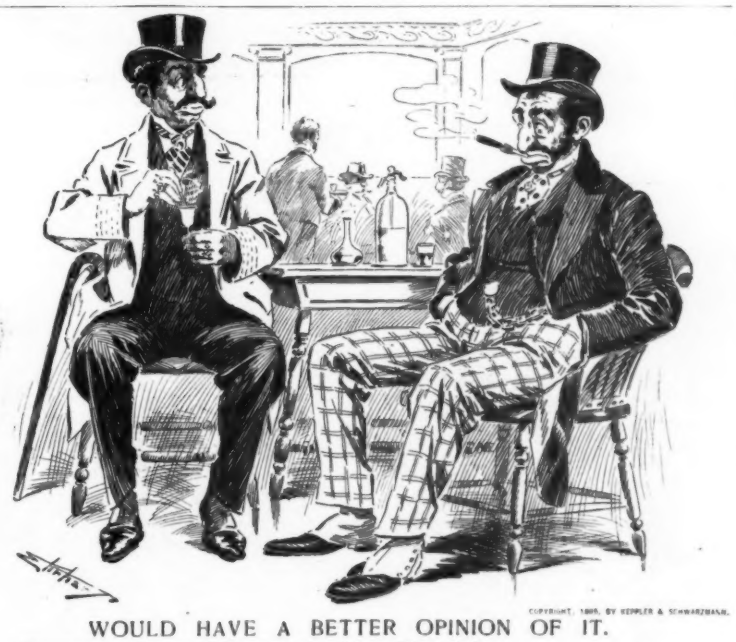
When a man is full you would expect him to look occupied. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

A man has been known to stand in a corner all day, wondering at the world's idleness. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Borax Receipt Book Free 80 pages. For Laundry, Kitchen, Toilet, Bath, Complexion and Hair. 200 ways to use Borax. Send postal. Pacific Coast Borax Co., 269 Dearborn St., Chicago

Being Puck's Best Things About the Rising Generation.

OUT TO-DAY For Sale by all Newsdealers. By Mail from the Publishers on receipt of 10c. in U. S. Stamps or Silver. Addre s: Puck, N. Y. **OUT TO-DAY**



WOULD HAVE A BETTER OPINION OF IT.

Dinkelspeil. — Den you t'ink marriage is a failure, Silverstein?
Silverstein (*who does not live happily with his wife*). — A failure? I choost vish it vos!

Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."
"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY
S. Rae & Co.
Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

You Never Tasted Whiskey

ONLY IN SQUARE BOTTLES

that had a better flavor or was in every other respect more thoroughly satisfactory than the MOUNT VERNON RYE WHISKEY, which comes direct from the distillery to the consumer in Square Bottles.

ECZEMA, PIMPLES, MOLES, Skin Diseases and Facial Blemishes removed. Regular Physicians. Consultation free; office or letter. John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. Branches in Boston, Phila., Chicago, St. Louis. Inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

LOVE WILL BRING Me Back Again and 150 other Songs, all for 10 Cents. H. J. Wehman, 132 Park Row, New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
21, 23, 25 & 27 East Houston St., Puck Bldg. Branch Warehouse: 90 Beekman St., New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND METAL POLISH.

Best and cheapest. 1-lb. box 25c. at dealers. Sample free. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., 296 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

Gents' or Ladies' Size.

FREE Send us your full name and address and we will send you a box of our finest 10c cigars, retail value $5.00, for **$2.00.** In order to introduce this brand we will send you **FREE** this elegant watch, stem wind and stem set, gold finished, beautifully engraved and equal in appearance and as good a time keeper as the average $25.00 gold filled watch. We send the 50 cigars and watch together C. O. D., cost only **$2.98.** You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent the amount and they are yours. Write to-day. Mention whether you want ladies' or gents' size watch. Address,
THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HYGEIA HOTEL

Old Point Comfort, Va.

Unrivalled as a health and pleasure resort. Air balmy and full of live-giving ozone. New plumbing throughout and perfect drainage and other sanitary arrangements. Send for descriptive pamphlet. Pamphlet and information in New York at The Outlook, 13 Astor Place.
F. N. Pike, Manager.

"THE STORY OF ELITHAN."

The Londonderry Lithia Spring Water Company, of Nashua, N. H., has issued a little pamphlet that gives an ingenious account of the famous water and its properties. It is called "The Story of Elithan," wherein a small creature like the Brownies emerges from a bottle and converses with an after-dinner loiterer. The traveler from the gnome country explains that his home is in the Granite Hills, that he guards the metal lithium from every danger of animal and vegetable impurities. He relates the varied course of the water from the spring to the table, the natural processes by which the life, the sparkle and the flavor are imparted to it from the hillside. On the great procession of the bottles round the world the intelligent imp grows eloquent. He takes in the clubman, for whom the water is "an ever-pleasant protection from the evils of strong drink;" he declares that it is "for the invalid the hope of health, for the family the security from all forms of germ life, for the medical man a helper in the cure of disease." Altogther, Elithan proves an amusing and instructive visitor. The leaflet is quaintly illustrated.

HIS WIFE.—Marcellus Octavius Horatius Flaccus, what have you got tied up there in the corner of your toga? I declare, it 's the letter I gave you to mail to my mother in the Kalende of September! That 's why she did n't come and pay us a visit.

PATRIARCH SHALMANESER *(outside the tent)*.—Mehitabel, when is that young Macpelah Obed going to start for home? Your mother and I are tired of sitting on the lee side of the camel.

PROMINENT EGYPTIAN CITIZEN *(addressing his body servant)*.—Tararum, why is Hooplah, the Mighty, going home in such a state of exhilaration?
TARARUM.—Master, he got the one oyster in the Pyramid Fair stew!

TINLUNG *(the* VISIGOTH*)*.—Who, in the name of Walhalla, has been scraping my meerschaum?
MRS. TINLUNG.—Oh, darling, I *did* think you 'd be so pleased to have it clean! I worked nearly an hour over it!

AZTEC HUSBAND.—What 'n thunder do you want a new bathing-suit for, my dear?
HIS BETTER-HALF.—Why, the one I had last year got lost in the wash! I always told you the wash-tub leaked.

PRE-HISTORIC GENTLEMAN.—Yes, my dear, this is a very nice breakfast; but—
HIS BRIDE.—But, dear?
PRE-HISTORIC GENTLEMAN.—It is n't the way my mother used to cook icthyosaurus steak!

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE JEST.